

A Pindarique  
O D E,  
ON THEIR  
Royal Highnesses  
HAPPY  
R E T U R N  
FROM  
SCOTLAND  
AFTER HIS  
Escape at Sea.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by *A. Godbid* and *J. Playford* for *Jos. Hindmarsh* at the  
Sign of the Black Bull near the Royal-Exchange  
in Cornhill, 1682.

A Pindaride

O D E

Book I

And I

And I

And I



Printed by A. G. Smith, at the Press of the Rev. J. B. Smith, in the City of London.

# A Pindarique Ode.

I.

With the same joy (those poor deserted men  
On *Greenland-shore* beheld the Sun agen  
After being left a prey  
To Night, wild Beasts, and all devouring Sea)  
Forth from our dark Recesses are we come,  
Illustrious Prince to bid Thee welcome home,  
And at thy Feet our selves and wishes lay:  
Long hath the cold congealed North been blest  
With thy warm Beams, which have dissolv'd each brest,  
And melted down with Art,  
Each Frozen and Rebellious Heart,  
Then bound them up in bands of Love, and Loyal Interest.

II.

Since Thou wert there,  
The Salvage High-lands like a Court appear,  
So civil, so obliging every where,  
Thus *Rome* of old was fam'd  
When *Africk* She, and barbarous *Scythia* tam'd,  
But 'twas her Arms subdu'd: Whilst unto Thee  
(Without th' inforcement of thy Sword)  
Each stubborn Rebel bows the Knee,  
Thy only presence gains a Victory,  
And every place fresh Lawrels doth afford,  
As if with *Cesar* Thou  
Hadst nothing more to do,  
Then come, and see, and overcome us too.

III.

As when some lusty Bridegroom doth attend  
That happy minute shall his joys compleat,  
And sighing thinks that Day will never end,  
Whose envious hours debarrs his hopes to meet  
In the Embraces of the Genial Sheet:  
So every minute did an hour seem,  
Each hour a Day, each Day an Age, whilst we  
Only enjoy'd Thee in a Dream,  
Like sleeping Virgins in Loves Extase:  
*Plebeian* Souls, who know no difference  
Between a Peasant and a Prince,  
Like *Aesop's* Dunghil Cocks are only born  
To prize a single Barly-Corn

Beyond

Beyond the richest Jem,  
 And yet  
 Each known and able Artift thinks it fit  
 To Adorn fome mighty Princes Diadem :  
 So our great Monarch who doth move  
 In the fublimeft Sphear, above  
 Such vulgar Orbs, knows how to value Thee,  
 Whil'ft in his Breaft thou fhalt a Relique be  
 Of Honour, and untainted Loyalty.

## I V.

When the Gygantick Sons of Earth,  
 (Who from the Chaos firft took Birth)  
 Heap'd Hills on Hills, and Rocks and Mountains threw  
 Againft Heaven's Battlement,  
 The Gods a while fat fmiling for to view  
 Their fond intent,  
 And then at once their forked Thunder fent,  
 Which head-long drove to Hell that impious Crew :  
 Thus when the Hair-brain'd Sons of Ignorance did  
 Level their Darts of Envy at thy Head,  
 Thou with a generous difdain  
 Did'ft view that giddy train,  
 And thy own fingle Virtue did'ft oppofe  
 Againft thy raging Foes :  
 So fixt and folid Rocks when Boreas Raves,  
 With filent fcorn repel th' invading Waves,  
 But when more infolent they grew,  
 And Mountains of reproaches threw,  
 When they did rear  
 Rocks of Rebellion in the Air,  
 And pure Religion by the Roots did tear :  
 At once Thou didft thy Princely rage let go,  
 At once their Malice over-throw,  
 And head-long them, and their black Crimes haft fent,  
 To howle in Regions of Defpair, and Flames of Difcontent.

## V.

Ah! rafh and inconfiderate *Phaeton*,  
 What made thy fond desire  
 So much aspire,  
 To guide the flaming Char'ot of the Sun?  
 It would have fafer been,  
 If with the Golden mean,  
 The Lower Orbs thou had'ft survey'd,  
 And let thy Father his own Day have fway'd :  
 Well knew his fiery Courfers how to trace  
 Thofe ufual Paths of Light,  
 Which through the Mornings Gates with wonted pace,  
 Led them to *Thetis* cooling Streams at Night,  
 But when thy feeble hand no more  
 Their fury could refrain, then they

Through



Through Seas of Clouds fought their forbidden way,  
 And numerous Worlds of distant Starrs survey'd  
 Starrs only known to Gods themselves before,  
 Whilst the whole Heavens with threatening flames do roar:  
*Jove* from on high  
 Beheld the scorching Earth, and flaming Sky;  
*Jove* shook the World with Thunder: but dismay'd  
 The Youth shrunk in his Guilty Head,  
 And now too late,  
 Laments his daring Crime, and wretched Fate;  
 But all in vain his rashness he doth own,  
 For from his glorious Height he tumbld down,  
 Quitting at once his Life and Hopes, together with a Throne.

## VI.

Yet we have seen thy Head Great *JAMES* out-brave  
 The thundering Cannon, when the Neighbouring shore  
 Affrighted stood to hear those Monsters roar,  
 As wondering what the God of War would have,  
 Whilst unconcern'd, as if thou didst command  
 The sole great Empire both of Sea and Land,  
 Like *Jove* amidst his Thunders thou hast stood,  
 Disposing Fate,  
 Then swum to Victory through a Sea of Blood,  
 Commanding her upon thy Sword to wait;  
 So march't *Aleides* to his Labours, when  
 He Conquer'd, to return'd again,  
 As when from Battel our great Admiral came,  
 Cover'd with Lawrels, and enrich'd by Fame;  
 Only in this, *Jove's* Off-spring is out-done,  
 Thou hast beyond his *Ne Plus Ultra* gone,  
 Since thy more glorious Trophies be  
 As on the Land erected on the Sea.

## VII.

But Aged *Neptune* views with jealous Eyes  
 His growing Glory, and in passion cries:  
 Now *Jove* defend the Empire of your Skyes,  
 The World's too little grown  
 For his great Mind,  
 Nor will it be confin'd  
 Within the limits of our Liquid Throne,  
 How oft with furious Keels hath he  
 Plough'd up the Foaming Billows of the Sea?  
 Riding in Triumph, whilst his daring Prow  
 Knocks at Heaven Gates, then tirts at Hell below,  
 And all our silent Subjects of the Main  
 Swim round, as proud they can augment his Train;  
 But he shall know what e're his power's on Land,  
 We in our Watry Kingdoms will command:  
 This said, his awful Trydent he doth shake,  
 The Seas do roar, but gentle Rivers quake,

And in their Channels shrowd,  
 Whil'ft from a fullen Cloud  
 Unruly *Boreas* raves,  
 And Troops of nimble Winds do wing Battalions of the Waves.  
 Thus Arm'd the *Trytons* Sound a Charge, when all  
 Th' imbattell'd Surges on the Heroe fall,  
 The mighty Waves, like mighty Hills appear,  
 Yet his bold Courfe he thorow them doth fear,  
 Looks on the danger, but difdains the fear.

## VIII.

Yet brave *Cbryan*, and great *Roxborough* fell,  
 With Valiant *Hopton*, *Douglas*, *Hyde* and *Hume*,  
 Who all deferv'd a Nobler Fate and Tomb:  
 But yet in vain ye mighty Billows swell,  
 Since 'twas their choice, not you which made them fall,  
 As willing Victims to their Admiral:  
 Heaven view'd the Inraged Sea,  
 Their generous danger, and their piety,  
 Heaven smil'd to think that they  
 Would rob the envious Waters of their prey,  
 And through those traceless paths to blifs would find their way,  
 Whil'ft with a shout they mount the Sky,  
 And as they cut the Ambient Air  
 Look from on high  
 Upon the *DUKK*, the Subject of their Care:  
 Whom seeing safe,  
 The happy Souls at angry *Neptune* laugh,  
 And then with Songs of Triumph, take their flight  
 Into blest Mansions of Eternal Light:  
 But Royal *TORK* do thou in safety go,  
 (Guarded by Angels free from harms)  
 To Loves desir'd Port, thy lovely Consorts Arms:  
 And thou O Barque which do'ft include him, know,  
 Thou carriest *Cesar*, and his Fortune too.

## IX.

Amongst those happy Spirits that look'd down  
 From the Arch'd Skys *Carulean* Throne,  
 Th' exalted Soul of *Cowley* did descend,  
*Cowley* to learned *Scarborough* still a friend,  
 From whose inspir'd numbers he  
 Hath reach't (whilst mortal) immortality,  
 And if we passion may ascribe  
 To those who dwell above,  
 Of all that bright, and blest Celestial Tribe,  
 His Vehicle was most compos'd of Love,  
 Whilst with his wonted Raptures thus he fues,  
 To wise *Apollo* Patron of his Muse:  
 Father of Light, O *Phæbus*, dear  
 To Gods, and Men, look down and see  
 Thy Son, thy *Æsculapius* in despair,

Opprest

Opprest and lost if not releiv'd by thee ;  
*Scarbroagh*, whom Fame doth *Natures Darling* call,  
 For he hath found and knows her secrets all,  
 From lofty Cedars to sweet *Hyssop on the Wall*,  
 He in Arts mysterious maze  
 Hath discover'd various ways,  
 Only known to Gods before;  
 Whom poor Mortals think to be  
 Some compassionate Deity,  
 Sent down enfeebled Nature to restore.  
 Some gracious Act then of deliverance send,  
 And save thy Son, and save thy *Conley's Friend*.

He spoke, the God inclin'd his sacred head,  
 And with a smile confirm'd, what his great Prophet said,  
 Then with his richest Rays,  
 He gilds *Seraphick Conley's Bays*,  
 And as a farther Signal of his Love,  
 Himself descends, and doth the Waves reprove,  
 The winds into their wonted Caves retire,  
 The trembling Waves fly from his scorching fire,  
 Rocks sweat for fear, and each devouring Sand  
 Dreads his reproof, and waits on his command;  
 The God now stops his foaming Team,  
 And from his Radiant Char'ot draws a Beam,  
 Which like a Plank in seeming form he darts,  
 Which Plank became the saving Ark, to Learning and the Arts.

XI.

Forbear my Muse, let Tragick Scenes alone,  
 And turn to yonder silver Cloud, whereon  
 A Brace of harmless Doves,  
 Trac'd to a bright Etherial Throne,  
 Do gently draw the Queen of Beauty down,  
 Attended by a thousand little Loves :  
 'Tis not the *Cytherean Dame*,  
 That frothy Beauty of the Sea,  
 Whose known, but subtile Arts,  
 Engender in our hearts  
 None but a loose and wanton flame,  
 Worthy of such a Deity,  
 But all the Goddesses in One are here :  
 She's chaste with *Pallas*, with *Minerva* wife,  
*Venus* 'tis true doth on her Cheeks appear,  
 But *Juno's* Majesty shines through her Eyes,  
 Virtues and Graces round about her move,  
 There's Musick in the motion of her treads;  
 Hugging his happy fate, the God of Love  
 In triumph (chain'd with smiles) She Captive leads,  
 Who since *TOR K's* Lovely Dutchess grac'd our Shore,  
 His once admir'd *Psyche* Courts no more.

## XII.

See, mann'd by her great Admiral she is come,  
 Laden with such a Blessing home,  
 As doth surmount our joy,  
 And with a happy Omen speaks the Princely Boy:  
 Heaven grant him live,  
 Our wonted Peace, and Glory to retrieve,  
 And by a just renown,  
 Within its Lawful Center fix the Crown:  
 Then smile Great Britain's Genius once again,  
 And Musick's Daughters lofty numbers sing,  
 Let every Beauteous Nymph and Amorous Swain,  
 The grateful Tribute of affection bring,

Only let Impious men  
 That happy Birth contemn,  
 (As once they did the Ark) which will give end  
 To all our Fears, doth all our hopes portend:  
 Then let Caballing Discontents beware,  
 And know, whatever their pretensions are,  
 Heaven will of Princes and their Thrones take care,  
 Since none but Gods to Govern Worlds are fit,  
 And those whom they as Substitutes admit.

## F I N I S.



